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CHAP-PICTURES.

THE love of pictures, of representations of familiar or unfamiliar objects by outlines or colours, or both, if it be not a universal passion, is something very like it. The savage indulges it, in his way, as much as the man of education and refinement: in default of other means, he scores and tattoos designs upon his own skin or that of his fellows, and bedaubes his flesh with gaudy colours, making of himself the picture he loves to contemplate. All nations have had their pictorial representations; of not a few, these have formed the national monuments and records; and of more, it may be, than we are aware of, they have been the originators of the alphabet, and thus the pioneers of literature. Perhaps the man was never born who, with the ordinary powers of vision, had not some taste, or, to say the least of it, some liking for art under some form or other, and who was not capable of deriving some instruction, as well as satisfaction, from gratifying that taste. We intend, with the reader's permission, to glance for a few moments at some of the popular methods, so far as they are traceable from present existing remains, which have been for a number of generations past in operation in our own country, for supplying the humbler orders with the means of such gratification.

There was a time when comparatively few of our industrial classes could read, or cared to read; but there never was a time when they would not have looked with pleasure upon a picture. What were the household pictures, or whether there were any at all to be found in the humbler dwellings of our land even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we cannot undertake to say, but are inclined to think there was nothing of the kind; and that rude images and quaint casts or carvings constituted the only sort of domestic art familiar to the people. Though engraving on wood and copper has been practised for almost four hundred years, it would appear that, with the exception of such small specimens as were used for the illustration of a few books and ballads, but little of the engraver's work made its way to the mass of the populace. At any rate, we can meet with little or nothing now of a kind adapted for the walls of a cottage or humble residence, which dates further back than the close of the seventeenth century. We have a notion that the first commercial experiment in engraving pictures to meet a popular demand, was made about that time. The works of the best continental engravers, and of the old etchers, were too expensive for general circulation; and, what is more, they were too learned for the general taste. To create a demand for pictures, it was necessary to descend to the comprehension of

the multitude, and at the same time to give them enough for their money. The first popular engravings, judging from their style of execution, must have been exceedingly cheap. Probably they were not engraved upon copper, but upon some softer metal or admixture of metals; they were intended to be hung on the wall, portfolios being known only to artists and collectors; they were for the most part coloured, and were framed in a narrow black moulding. Among the oldest subjects now to be met with—and these must be looked for in the butler's parlour, or housekeeper's or servants' room of some old mansion in the country—are views of the palace and gardens of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, in which the old-fashioned trim gardens as they existed once, but exist no longer, are shewn in a bird's-eye species of perspective, not very correct. The walks are mathematically squared or circled, the trees are cut into formal spires or pyramids, and the fountains spout in arches geometrically true. The figures are long-legged gentlemen with pigtailed and powdered hair, collarless coats, waistcoats which repose on the hips, ruffles, and tremendously lanky swords; with these are ladies in exalted head-dresses, with wasp-like waists, and enormous swelling hoops below, and supporting themselves on heels of perilous height; in addition to the gentlemen, the ladies are attended by poodles, with head and shoulders shaggy as a lion, and hind-quarters bare as a frog. Contemporaneous with these were garden-scenes something in the Watteau style, in which nature was allowed a little latitude, and Damon and Phyllis, in wig and hoop, danced together on the green-sward, or posed themselves in picturesque attitudes beneath a shady tree by the running stream, or sent one another aloft in a swing, while the rest of the party picnicked together in the foreground.

Pictures of this sort—and most persons must have met with them in the course of their experience—did their work in paving the way for something better. Before Hogarth's time, conversation-pieces, and rude engravings of good pictures, had got into the market. They were mostly, however, too dear for the agricultural districts, where the people chose to buy, at a cheaper rate, a new class of subjects brought to them by the pedlars and hawkers, and which were nearly all illustrations of Old or New Testament history, or scenes from the martyrology. The trade in engravings of a popular description had assumed a degree of importance by the time that Hogarth came upon the scene; the advantage he derived from it, and the benefit he conferred upon art in this country in so doing, are well known. His unrivalled productions did not, however, save in exceptional cases, penetrate beyond the cities and larger towns; and it is a rare occurrence,

even at the present moment, to meet with one of his original plates in the country districts. They were not, in fact, cheap enough for the hawkers' and pedlers' market, and, in consequence, they remained unknown in the cottages and villages of the country.

But the country trade was not allowed to languish. It must have been somewhere about the time of Hogarth's death that some ingenious fellow, with an excellent eye to business, hit upon the mode of manufacturing those paintings on glass which for more than threescore years have deluged the country, and which even now are sold in considerable quantities, though the traffic in them has declined, according to the testimony of a rather extensive manufacturer, to less than one-twentieth of what it was within his recollection. These paintings, which the reader will immediately call to remembrance, are nearly all of two uniform sizes—14 inches by 11, or 14 inches by 22. They are what they profess to be—oil-paintings on glass; and having an undeniable title to this description, they took amazingly with the common people, and sold in immense numbers. We may form some notion of the traffic from the fact, that it is hardly possible even now to walk through a village or market-town without seeing them exposed for sale, or to enter the cottage of a poor man or the farmer's kitchen, without finding a pair of them, and it will be oftener half-a-dozen, hanging on the walls. The smaller size predominates, the larger ones being comparatively rare—a circumstance which may be accounted for by their liability to fracture, the cheapest and thinnest glass being invariably used. Viewed at a little distance, they have a striking resemblance to old oil-paintings; they have all dark rich backgrounds—are mostly on sacred subjects—shew strong contrasts of light and shade, and but a small variety of tints, for a reason which will be obvious presently. A slight blow cracks the thin glass, and then they are ruined, until the pedler comes round with a duplicate of the same subject, and for a couple of shillings or so makes all right again. We must not omit to notice one peculiarity in these glass-paintings. Though their number is legion, and their designs almost endless in variety, yet these are all, or nearly all, the property of the manufacturers: it is rare, indeed, that one meets with an instance of piracy from the works of living artists, or even of copies from standard and classical works—the only exceptions being in the case of single heads, such as Madonnas and *Ecce Homos*. It is but fair to state, however, that this recommendatory fact is not attributable to the honourable independence of the manufacturer—we shall not call him artist—so much as to the necessities of his trade, which drive him to the use of the simplest design and the fewest possible tints, in order to make the more profit. Most of these pictures are made in London, and the manufacturer generally has recourse to some struggling artist for his design, who for a couple of guineas or so will supply him with what he wants; and he can get the engraving done for even less.

The manner in which these paintings are produced is a mystery to all but the initiated; it is a riddle even to the practical artist; and it is possible that the reader who has tried to penetrate the secret, after puzzling his brain to no purpose, has given it up in despair. We shall take the liberty to make some revelations on the subject which will clear up the enigma; and in order to do it effectually, we shall introduce our friends to the atelier of Mr David Daubham, who at present holds a large share of the country trade in his hands.

Mr Daubham's place of business is in Leather Lane, where, however, he is under no necessity of making any demonstration, and does not make any. His atelier is a roomy brick-chamber in the back-yard, lighted from one whole side. Upon entering, we find

Mr Daubham engaged in a warm discussion with a glass-dealer upon a question of sixpence in the gross of 'eleven-fourteens.' Pending the settlement of the debate, we look round amid an odour of oil and strong varnish almost too much for our olfactories. A couple of girls and four or five lads are busy in the prosecution of their work. Before we have watched the several processes for five minutes, the whole art and mystery is as patent to us as it can be to Mr Daubham himself. The glass being first cleaned, an operation in which extra carefulness does not appear to be necessary, the surface which is to receive the picture is rubbed completely over with a preparation of turpentine varnish. Upon this, as it dries rapidly, an impression from the engraved plate is laid, and rubbed firmly upon the glass with the palm. It is then left to dry till a batch of a hundred or so is done. The paper upon which the impression is taken is the flimsiest material that can be used, and is rubbed off by a momentary application of the sponge, leaving every line and touch of the print adhering to the varnish. But the varnish has not only fastened the ink of the print to the glass, it has also primed the glass for the reception of the colours. In this state, the squares of glass are stuck up on a kind of scaffolding which may be called the easel, with their faces to the light. The easel will hold a score of them at a time. Then each of the lads seizes a pot of colour and a brush, and sets to work at their rear. One covers all the faces and hands with flesh colour; another dabs on the greens; a third does browns—and so on, till all the tints are dabbed on and the glass is covered. The whole twenty do not take twenty minutes in the colouring, unless the tints are more numerous than they usually are. It seems unaccountable that any pleasing effect should be produced by such a process; but in fact, as the engraving supplies all the shading, the effect is not bad, considering all things; and there is no reason why really excellent pictures should not be produced by a similar process, if it were thought worth while to improve it by cautious experiment—though it would be impossible to paint even a decent sky in such a way. Hasty and careless as the work appears, it will be easily conceived that a certain amount of dexterity is necessary in laying on the colours within the prescribed outline; and it must be done quickly, lest the varnish be disturbed, in which case the colours would not adhere.

The pictures thus finished have only to be framed in order to be ready for the market. Mr Daubham contracts for his frames with a firm in the neighbourhood, and finds that he has as much as he can do himself in putting the pictures into them—a job he does not choose to trust to his 'hands,' who would break too many. The frames are of two kinds—wood, and shining lackered metal pressed into a sort of flowery pattern by a die. The far greater proportion of his goods are, however, sold to the trade unframed. The market-price was 9s. a dozen previous to the war, but has fallen a trifle since, though not so much as the demand. The wooden frames cost not quite the same—and seeing that these precious works of art are hawked at the present moment at from 6s. to 7s. the pair, it is clear that profit has not been lost sight of. The number of manufactories similar to Mr Daubham's, he tells us, is eight or ten, exclusive of the small shops of amateur dabblers in the trade who get up pictures of exceptional sizes at a low rate by working from exhausted plates purchased as old metal. Looking to the vast numbers which may be and are produced, amounting to several gross a week from a single workshop, we are puzzled to know what becomes of them, considering that the country demand has so greatly declined. 'But,' says Mr Daubham, 'you don't take into account the exportation. They go abroad, sir. A hundred gross, at least, of my pictures goes to Catholic countries every year. Most of my plates is

Catholic subjects—Madonnas and Martyrs, and the blessed saints St Francis, St Januarius, St Nicholas, St Theresa, and so on. Then I've got twelve different Holy Virgins, and lots of subjects that is Catholic or Protestant, and will do for the home or export market either. I pack 'em without frames in racks made on purpose, and they travel safe enough. The poor people abroad likes to have their patron saint; and then they vows a picture to the Virgin perhaps, and so they get stuck up in churches. I've heard tell that you can see 'em in most of the churches in Italy, as well as in Spain and Portugal. I used to send twenty to thirty gross to Oporto every year, but the vine-disease has very much injured that trade, and I don't send half as many now.' We commend Mr Daubham's candid summary to the notice of bookmaking travellers and tourists, some of whom, if we are not very much mistaken, have dwelt with curious yet blundering minuteness upon these identical pictures, without conjecturing that in so doing they were describing the products of English industry. But we must leave the obliging Mr Daubham to the prosecution of his trade, and take a look at another and more pretentious branch of equivocal art.

We have said that the home-trade in the productions of Mr Daubham and his congeners, has of late greatly declined. This is not because the love of art has declined, but because it has become more ambitious—we can hardly say more discriminating. The glass-painting has at length been pretty generally discovered not to be the genuine thing; and oil-paintings on canvas are now extensively superseding the oil-paintings on glass. In the new trade, the Jews mingle very largely, and take the lead. They get up new frames from old worn-out moulds, gild them with Dutch metal, clap a landscape of a good thumping size into them, and sell a pair of them for five-and-twenty shillings. They have a gorgeous appearance, and impart an air of luxury and grandeur to a poor man's cottage or a farmer's parlour, which pleases him none the less that it is barbarously out of keeping with all the rest of his domestic havings. The middle classes accept the same bait; and even in London, several thousands of such cheap wares are annually retailed. Nothing is more common in the streets of the suburbs than the spectacle of a wandering Jew, with a couple of pair of these tawdry pictures slung round his shoulders, back to back, and stopping to display them at positions favourable for effecting a sale. Both in London and in the country towns and villages, they are sold by the furniture-brokers in large numbers, and, like the paintings on glass, they too are exported—not to Catholic countries, where they would be a drug, but to the colonies, and especially to the emancipated negroes of the West Indies, who have a prodigious appetite for violent colours and gilding. The Jew-school of art is a peculiar one, and none can excel in it who have any conscientious scruples on the score of finish. About half-a-crown the square yard is the usual tariff paid to the artist—the employer finding the canvas. It is by no means indispensable that the canvas be covered by the painter, as, for the majority of subjects, the work is half done to his hands when he receives it. The artists' colourman has to look to this. For moon-lights, which are great favourites, he primes the cloth with a bluish lead-colour tint, which answers for the sky—for sunsets, he primes with a vivid orange-colour—for rocky scenes, with a dark umber—for snow-pieces, with pure white; and so on, to spare the painter unnecessary labour and expense of paint. It is found that an adept in this wholesale style of art, notwithstanding the immense area he has to get over before he has earned a guinea, will make a comfortable thing of it, and win more money than many a studious artist whose works have gained the applause of the critics. These pictures are not painted one at a time

—that would never pay. One pallet is made to suffice for half-a-dozen or so of the same pattern, the whole of which will be generally finished in the day's work. We have known the trade so brisk in speculating times, that two batches per diem were exacted by a well-known Jew exporter from an expert practitioner, whose earnings, while the pressure lasted, could scarcely have been less than ten guineas a week.

We have remarked in a former paper,* that to educate the eye is a slow process. Nothing, in fact, seems to make less satisfactory progress among the common people, than the power of distinguishing what is true and good in art, from what is false and vicious. In spite of Art-unions, of cheap illustrated books, and myriads of pictorial periodicals and newspapers, the very feeblest designs in which have more truth and value than whole cargoes of the chap-pictures above described, we see the people running after this palpable rubbish because it has the appearance of a bargain. The worst of it is, that the classes we generally term the uneducated, are by no means alone in this kind of preference: the vile daubs above described are found not only in the dwellings of the poor and uncultivated, but, with broader frames and more luxurious gilding, in the houses of persons with some pretensions to fashion and taste. People who would not be seen abroad in an ill-cut coat, or a bonnet a month behind the mode, are yet content to gibbet their gross ignorance of the simplest principles of art on their own walls, for the information of all comers. We do not like to recommend the establishment of a censorship to take cognizance of pictures, or anything which would interfere with an Englishman's privilege of spending his money as he likes; but we may express our conviction, that the public would profit astonishingly by a despotism which should abolish at once the unprincipled manufacture of that which is not 'goods,' and the sale of which is a swindle, and compel the busy hands employed in it to work at some useful occupation.

It is to be feared that, notwithstanding all the remedies in the shape of Schools of Design, popular works on art, the flood of engravings and the deluge of illustrations weekly issuing from the press, we are really making but little progress in helping the great body of the community to the faculty of discriminating between a good and a bad imitation of nature or natural objects. A celebrated German critic, who wrote some years back on the state of the arts in this country, attributed what otherwise would have appeared to him the unaccountable insensibility of our populace to the æsthetic qualities of art, to some general defect either in the organs of vision or of the brain. We shall not accept any such theory. In our cities and towns, we have improved wonderfully since this dictum was promulgated; and if there has not been the same improvement among those living away from the centres of civilisation, it may be that it is because the same opportunities of comparison between what is really excellent and what is not so have not been afforded them. The establishment of provincial galleries and museums of art, and the throwing open of the numerous collections in private mansions, would place the villager in some respect upon a level with the citizen. To a limited extent, this is already being done. Education, by the press and by the schoolmaster, must imbue our rising youth with a right appreciation of these advantages, so that all shall be eager to make the right use of them. When that is the state of things with us, the right feeling will spring spontaneously out of the right soil; and what is an instinct with the southern nations of Europe—the ready perception of the beautiful—will be an instinct also with us. We shall hope, in the face of the verdict above quoted, that the day will come, and

* See 'Commercial Art,' *Chambers's Journal*, No. 46.

that some of us will live to see it, when the queer schools of art described in this paper will be numbered with the fossilised facts of a vanished era, and their relics be regarded only as the monuments of a barbarous age.

A CRIMINAL CASE IN RUSSIA.

It is now more than twenty years ago, that a Jew named Abraham, the son of Abraham, made his appearance one day in November at the office of Captain Ispravnitz, the head of the police in the district of Radomyset, in the province of Kiev. This Abraham, the son of Abraham, was a tavern-keeper, and, in fact, had the post-house at the little village of Semenowe-Lozy under his management. Like all other Jews, not only in Russia but elsewhere, he was strongly averse to any regular agricultural pursuits, and consequently, in a country agricultural par excellence, was driven to the alternative of eking out his pittance in life by retailing spirits, jobbing horses, and making as much as he could of whomsoever the ill destiny of thirst, or hunger, or fatigue might lead to his wayside house.

When, therefore, Abraham, the son of Abraham, deposed before the head of police that Francis Salezy Krynszloft, lord-proprietor of the village of Semenowe-Lozy, a rich and respectable man, was an impostor who bore a false name, and had acquired his wealth and station by the most complicated system of roguery, the head of police gave evident signs of incredulity. He observed, at the same time, that an accusation of so serious a nature required the most irrefragable proof; and that the peril was great which he, Abraham, the son of Abraham, incurred in thus attacking a powerful and wealthy individual, who enjoyed the reputation of civic virtue and Christian charity. But Abraham, the son of Abraham, persisted, and gave substance to his accusation by the following recital:—

'In the year 1800, there lived at Mozir a poor gentleman, who was a widower, and had two sons—Francis Salezy Krynszloft, and Joachim Krynszloft. Being without any means of existence, the three took service under Major Fogel, receiver of the taxes at Mozir. The father died at that town on the 26th of May 1802, as can be proved from the public register of deaths. The elder son, Francis, entered the military service of Russia, became captain in the regiment of dragoons of the Zver, and was killed at the battle of Borodino in 1812. An official communication of this glorious death was made to the authorities of Mozir. As to the younger son, Joachim—accused in 1814 of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleska, and, moreover, of having drowned the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of that lady—he was thrown into the prison-fortress, and arraigned before the criminal court. But in the course of his trial he died suddenly at Mozir, on the 12th of November 1819.

'You see, your honour,' added the Jew, 'that there can no longer be a family of the name of Krynszloft: 'tis a dead race. Consequently, the actual proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy is either a spirit or an impostor.'

Struck with the logic of this argument, and with the warmth with which Abraham, the son of Abraham, concluded his deposition, and half persuaded by the appearance of sincerity which pervaded the general tone and language of his informant, Captain Ispravnitz

bethought him that the affair might be worth investigating, and despatched an officer to Semenowe-Lozy to commence the research.

To this officer, the lord-proprietor shewed his family documents, and, among others, the register of his birth, with the name of Francis Salezy Krynszloft upon it, born at Mozir the 22d of September 1777. This date exactly tallied with the age which the captain of dragoons, who was killed at Borodino, would, if still living, have attained. But in spite of the coincidence, the officer thought it his duty to conduct the lord-proprietor to Radomyset, where he was thrown into prison, and made the subject of an indictment.

The fact of a wealthy landowner being suddenly torn from his home, incarcerated in the public jail, and threatened with an inquisition which should prove him an impostor, both in rank and title, was sufficient to arouse the attention of the public. No one could imagine what possible cause the feigned Francis Salezy Krynszloft could have had for assuming an extinct name, that had even no connection with the property. With the most minute precision were the facts of the case entered into by the authorities. More than three hundred witnesses were heard, and more than two hundred registers, civil and military, examined. Officers and soldiers who had served with the real Francis Salezy Krynszloft were brought from the army of the Caucasus, and even from the distant garrisons of Siberia, to prove his death at the battle of Borodino.

On all sides, the proofs of the death of the two brothers Krynszloft seemed established beyond a doubt. The lord-proprietor was therefore an impostor, and, as such, must be exposed before the public tribunal of justice, and punished according to his deserts.

Pressed on all sides by the evidence of these facts, the pretended Simon Pure at last made a full confession. He admitted that he was not entitled to the name he bore; but that he *was* entitled to that of Joachim Krynszloft, who was supposed to have died in prison in the year 1819, he firmly asseverated; and this view of the question he confirmed by the following recital:—

'After the death of my father, I was in the service of Major Fogel. The major took kindly to me, and I soon became his secretary, his confidential servant, but never his confidant. I fulfilled to the letter all the orders he gave me; but I knew nothing of his projects and designs.

At that time there lived at Mozir a very rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska. She had no children; and every one supposed she had left all her property to the Father Capuchins of Mozir. It was even added that a will to that effect had been executed by her; and people went so far as to name some of the most distinguished persons in the town as witnesses of her last dispositions. Rumour said that the will was contained in a little box, which the countess always kept under her pillow.

Major Fogel contracted a lively friendship with the countess, and visited her house daily. This friendship grew into absolute confidence on the part of the lady; and to the great annoyance of the Capuchins, she finally abandoned to the major the management of all her affairs and property. With the countess lived a young orphan of great beauty: her name was Julia Krynewieska. At first sight, I fell desperately in love with her, and was happy in meeting with an equal return of tenderness; but the countess was opposed to a marriage, and said that Julia was too young to think of settling in life.

One day the major brought the countess some bottles of Tokay, which he represented as more than a hundred years old. The countess tasted it, and found it excellent. 'Then don't give any away,' said Major Fogel; 'but keep it all for yourself. Each of these bottles is

a treasure; and I hope you will not give a drop to anybody—not even to Julia,' added he smiling.

The countess followed his advice only too strictly. She got into the habit of taking every day, after her dinner, one glass of this exquisite wine; but from that moment she became an invalid, and her health, habitually so excellent, declined day by day, till at last she was forced to keep her bed. The major passed whole nights by her side, in rivalry with the Capuchins. Julia, who is now my wife, has told me that one night when the sick lady had dozed off, and the attendant monk had also subsided into a profound sleep, Major Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, took the little box which was under it, and abstracting a large paper, put in its place one of equal size; then replaced all things in their former state. In less than half an hour after, the countess awoke, and the major hastened to give her the medicine which the surgeon Isailoff had prescribed the evening before. But scarcely had the countess taken the draught, ere she was seized with convulsions, and gave up the ghost in horrible agony.

I do not know whether Major Fogel suspected Julia of having witnessed, from the little side-chamber in which she slept, the evil action which he had committed; but he said, as though to pacify the grief with which the orphan gazed on the dead body of her benefactress: 'I take upon me to marry you to Joachim, and to give you a marriage-portion.'

When the decease of the Countess Sero-Komoleska had been legally verified, the little box containing her will was opened. But to the great astonishment of every one, and particularly of the monks, the will—signed by the countess, and witnessed by four Russian functionaries of Mozir—made a general bequest of all the property of the deceased to Major Fogel, on condition that if, within three years, any heir to the countess should be found, all the subject-matter of her will should go to that heir, with the exception of one-fourth part, which should belong to Major Fogel. The property of the countess was valued at two million rubles.

Five months had scarcely elapsed since the death of the countess, when there arrived at Mozir the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of the deceased. The right of this young man to the succession was a secret to no one, and Major Fogel knew it as well as we. He received the last and only heir of the countess with a great demonstration of friendship; nay, his kindness was all but paternal. He welcomed him to his own house, surrounded him with the most delicate and continuous solicitude, and provided with affectionate attention everything his guest desired.

Unfortunately, the young Count Edmund in quitting Cracow, where he usually lived, had forgotten the certificate of the death of his father and mother, thinking that the titles and other documents he had brought with him would more than suffice to prove his identity. Major Fogel pointed out to him this deficiency in the family papers, but added at the same time: 'As to myself, my dear friend, I am convinced that you are really and truly the legitimate heir of the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but law requires great formalities, and it is necessary for us to submit to them.' The count at once admitted the justice of this remark; and a confidential servant was sent to Cracow to find the documents, without which the affair could not be brought to a termination.

During the time which was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the messenger's journey, the major sought all possible means of amusing Count Edmund. I was his daily companion. Once, when we were going out shooting, the major gave me a fowling-piece, and said: 'Load it well, for Count Edmund will use it.' I loaded it as you usually do a fowling-piece, and yet the barrel burst at the first

fire, and the count received a contusion on his cheek and his arm. Fortunately, the wounds were not serious, and the cure was speedy.

On another occasion, the major bought a horse for the count—a horse which appeared very docile. The major had it saddled with his own saddle, and shewed me himself that every part of the horse-gear was in perfect order. He then bade me accompany the count, who wished to take a ride into the country. But scarcely had we got beyond the walls of the town when the horse, which had appeared so docile, began to kick and rear; the saddle-girths broke, and the count, although a good horseman, fell and dislocated his arm. He might have been killed, for the road was scattered over with pieces of rock and pointed stones. Again, however, the count escaped with a few bleedings and a little forced repose. Still, I thought there was nothing but fatality in all this. Said I to myself: 'There are persons who cannot change countries without exposing themselves to perils and tribulations of all kinds. Count Edmund is one of that sort.'

[Let me here interrupt the narrative of my deponent by remarking, that there is a general belief in Russia to the effect that certain persons cannot change their country, nor even their dwelling-place, without incurring misfortune, sickness, or death. And this belief attaches the Russian peasantry more strongly to locality than any other agricultural population in Europe.]

But suddenly a circumstance occurred which tore the veil from my eyes. One day the major, taking me aside, informed me in a mysterious manner that the count was making love to Julia, and intended to seduce her. This deceitful communication did not give me the slightest uneasiness; I knew the honour and delicacy which distinguished Count Edmund, and I felt sure of the virtue of Julia. But the conduct of the major turned my suspicions upon him, and I sought to clear up certain doubts. I commenced by examining the gun which had burst in firing. It was still in the house, and I became convinced that holes had been designedly made in the barrel in several places. I also succeeded in ascertaining that the horse which all but killed the young count, had been bought with the perfect knowledge that in town it was docile, while in the open country it became fierce and uncontrollable, even in the hands of the most experienced grooms.

I would gladly have spoken out, but my servile condition prevented me from venturing. No one would have believed me: are men who have no social position ever believed? I was silent then, both to the young count and the rest of my acquaintances.

We now went—the major, the count, and myself—to the country retirement of the deceased countess at Pynski, situated on the border of some huge marshes. Encouraged by the major, who never ceased telling us that we were young, and that pleasure ought to be our principal occupation, the count and myself often boated over the marshes in pursuit of ducks, which were very abundant there. I rowed, and the count shot. Nothing ever crossed the even tenor of our success, and I began to think that the fatality which hovered over the count's head was entirely gone. Even the result of my examination with regard to the burst barrel and the vicious horse was gradually effaced from my memory, and I no longer harboured a shadow of suspicion.

One day, the major invited Count Edmund to pay a visit to a nobleman whose château was on the other side of the marshes. 'You will see there,' said he, 'one of the most magnificent monuments of the middle ages. Besides this attraction, and the beauty of its situation, the manor-house, which I am sure you will admire, possesses one of the most complete libraries in Russia.' This was enough to fix the determination of the young count, and he acceded to the major's proposition.

Unlike most men of his years, the young count loved study nearly as much as pleasure; and his knowledge of art and literature rendered interesting to him everything that bore the aspect of grandeur or antiquity.

In our passage over the marshes, it was agreed that we should have some sport among the wild-ducks; but the major not caring for this amusement, said he would join us on the other side of the water.

The count and I took the same little boat we always used on our aquatic excursions. When in the middle of the marsh, our frail bark began filling with water. I saw the danger, and rowed hard for the shore. The count grew nervous—he could not swim. ‘Do not stir, my lord,’ I said; ‘there is still hope!’ He did not heed my counsel, threw himself about, and caused the boat to fill so quickly, that in a few minutes we were under water. ‘Cling to the boat!’ I cried; ‘I am coming to you.’ I tried to catch hold of him by the hair, but his terror prevented him from hearing me, and he struggled for the land. I soon saw him twenty or thirty strokes from me, battling with the waters: he appeared, and disappeared again; then finally sank to rise no more. With an effort, I gained the shore, and called for aid. Some fishermen arrived, swept the waters, and at the end of an hour brought me the corpse of the unfortunate young count.

I was stupified; I scarcely comprehended the nature of the misfortune I had witnessed. The fishermen, less excited than myself, examined the boat, and to their great surprise, found that its keel was pierced in several places with a borer, and that the holes had been cleverly concealed by crumbs of black sarrazin bread. A gardener who lived on the border of the marshes added, that he had seen the major at dawn of day inspect the fatal boat with the most minute attention.

Some one had gone in all haste to the major. He arrived. I then at length gave utterance, though in measured terms of indignation, to the suspicions which formerly beset me, and which had now revived in consequence of the last and irreparable misfortune; but the major, unrestrained by the moderation of my language, assumed the appearance of despair, assailed me with a thousand curses and maledictions, and had me manacled like a criminal, and sent to Pendiz: thence I was removed to Mozir, incarcerated, and treated in all respects as the murderer of the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska.

The inquiry proceeded. I was amazed at such audacity in wickedness—at such perversity of human nature. I declared my innocence, I invoked every means for my defence; but a deaf ear was turned to all my cries. I learned that I was to be condemned to the utmost severity of the knout. The thought that I, a gentleman's son, should perish in such a manner! it made me shudder. I beseeched, and at last the jailer gave me some paper, and pen and ink. I addressed a petition to the ‘Marshal of Nobility’ at Mozir. In this petition I exposed the whole affair in its hideous fidelity. The sympathising jailer, who began even himself to think me innocent, undertook to place my supplication in the proper hands. He succeeded, and three days after I learned that a fresh inquiry was to be set on foot.

One night when, with eyes dilated and brain heated with feverish excitement, I was grasping mentally at the hope of acquittal, the door of my dungeon opened, and my accuser appeared.

‘Led by the attachment which I formerly felt for you,’ said he in a muffled voice, ‘I come to save you.’

‘Save me!’ I exclaimed; ‘it is very late.’

‘There is still time,’ rejoined the major; ‘but the moments are precious—you must not lose them in vain words. Again, I wish to spare you an infamous punishment and the tortures of the knout. Are you willing?’

‘Am I willing! O say, say!’ cried I, forgetting, in the invincible love of life which attaches to human nature, that I had before me the author of all my misfortunes, and that I was about to owe life, honour, liberty, to—a murderer!

The major then told me I must feign sickness, and afterwards death. ‘On your resurrection,’ added he, ‘you must take the name of your elder brother, he who was killed at the battle of Borodino.’

‘That will be an imposture,’ said I.

‘No, no!’ answered the major. ‘Will it not, after all, be the name of your father and your family? The play enacted—and it only depends on you whether you enact it well or not—your brother's name assumed, I will provide for your fortune, and, believe me, it will not be a bad one.’

There is an old proverb which says: ‘A drowning man will catch at the edge of a razor!’ I was that man. I consented to everything. I complained, I feigned sickness. A doctor was called in, who, smiling, ordered me some potions. I asked for a priest; he came to confess me, and declared, as also did the doctor, that I was in great danger. The doctor, the priest, the jailer, were all in the secret. In short, they did not long leave me to counterfeit death before they put me in my coffin, and carried me to a chapel, whence the major delivered me in the night-time. Next day, I had the pleasure of beholding, from Major Fogel's window, my own burial performed with the usual funeral ceremonies.

‘There you are, free at last,’ said the major, embracing me; ‘but I have still my promise to fulfil.’ Singular mystery of the human heart! that man, whose cupidity had twice led him to commit murder, wept as he pressed me to his bosom.

The following day, the major gave me fifty thousand rubles, and married me to Julia, the ward of the deceased countess. A week after, I set out with my wife for Bessarabia, where I lived several years. Having learned the death of Major Fogel, I could not resist the desire of revisiting the home of my childhood. I returned to the district of Radomysset, and bought some domains, whereon I intended to end my days.

Such was the deposition of the accused. It was duly signed by the deponent, who swore, with the usual ceremonies, that he had therein told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Julia, the wife, confirmed the statements of her husband. By a piece of good-luck, the gardener who had seen Major Fogel at the boat on the morning of the day on which Count Edmund was drowned, still survived, and was met with at Pendiz; and the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, also lived to give his share of evidence.

The four functionaries who had witnessed the substituted will of the countess, had been transported to Siberia for robbing the imperial treasury. It was unknown whether they were dead, or still living at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; but from the nature of their characters, it was not supposed that their testimony would be of much value.

The lord-proprietor of Semenowe-Lozy was acquitted, with an injunction that he should resume his old name of Joachim, and was completely re-established in his goods, honours, and dignities.

The tribunal of the government of Kiev confirmed the judgment of the inferior court; but in scarcely three weeks from his acquittal, Joachim Krynszloff breathed his last. Three daughters were the fruits of his marriage with Julia, and these are still living with their husbands in Bessarabia.

Of one thing we may be certain, from the perusal of this narrative, that in a country where wills may be so easily forged, and murders committed by the powerful with such impunity; where doctors, priests, and jailers may be so easily bribed, and justice so

easily blinded—that in a country where, in one word, such circumstances as I have above described could take place in the manner they did, there can be little authority in the law to inspire confidence or to command respect—there can be little force in the threats of justice to deter the rich from committing crimes, when, if detected, they can so easily transfer them to the shoulders of the poor.

THE HOME IN THE EAST.

A HOME in the East—what a romantic idea! But the Home in the East of which I would speak to you, has in it nothing of romance beyond the romance of reality: it is a moral Home in the East, a refuge where the young criminal may find food and comfort, correction, instruction, consolation, and hope. It is the same cause for which the Shaftesburys and the Carlises have laboured and lectured, which Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley, with their eloquent pens and seething hearts, and a host of others, with less ability, though no less willingness, have advocated—the cause of the poor, the oppressed, the tempted, the neglected, the forsaken, the fallen, versus that portion of the rich who will not learn that Heaven gives nothing in fee-simple, but only in stewardship, of which they must one day give an account—the tyrannical master, the sweater, the idle, careless, and dissipated parent.

Having been told that one Edward Poultney, a pocketbook-maker by trade, who had had experience in the management of the Westminster Refuge in Old Pye Street, who also laboured privately as a missionary, touched by that spirit which is ever moving to and fro on the earth, stirring the hearts of men to good deeds, and filling them with the faith that nothing is impossible that has for its end the glory of God and the good of mankind—smitten with compassion for the child-thief as he skulked past him in the dusky hour to ply his unnatural trade—had himself provided a home for such, now grown to be a thriving institution, I resolved to make a visit of inspection to it, and record its history and my own impressions.

It was in August 1852 that the said Edward Poultney hired a small house at Stepney Causeway, Commercial Road, which he opened with two boys, gave it the name of the Home in the East, and installed himself as governor. So long as the good man had to provide the means, the number of boys did not greatly increase, and these required to be of a class and age fit to aid him in his trade. In the following December, however, a committee was formed of men of well-known benevolence, to assist in carrying out the views of the founder; and at a public meeting, held in June 1853, in the London Tavern, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, the committee reported that seventy-four youths had received the benefits of the institution. £247, 10s. were subscribed at this meeting, and the accommodation enlarged by hiring an adjoining house. Scarcely had possession been taken in deep thankfulness and lively hope, when there fell one of those mysterious strokes which awe and prove men, by removing from amongst them the dauntless leader and the approved labourer, and which seemed for a time to paralyse this infant institution. Edward Poultney was suddenly stricken down by the hand of death—a victim, it is feared, to the untiring zeal with which he had devoted himself to his charge. There then followed an interregnum of two months, the turbulence of which may be conceived from the lawless nature of

those now left to be a law unto themselves, for occasional visits from the committee and other friends were of small avail. Pending a more permanent arrangement, most of the towns in the kingdom were applied to in vain for a temporary governor. From one of the large towns in Scotland, a highly successful teacher in a young men's school proceeded to London, willing to make a trial; but when he saw the boys, with a knowledge of his own powers that perhaps argued no small attainment in wisdom, he at once declined the office. Mr Julius Benn, a zealous city-missionary, who had been in the habit of visiting the institution, now began to do so more frequently, in the hope of moulding into order the anarchic mass. The boys resolved to defy him. They tried to make him laugh by appearing before him with their jackets turned inside out. They tried to frighten him, by doubling their fists, and putting themselves into threatening attitudes. At length came the crisis. He found them one night seated in the most grotesque manner, with pipes in their mouths, their faces rouged, their hair parted in the middle, and smoothed down like that of girls. He told them he was resolved to master them. They refused to obey him, and he knocked every one of them down. From a preacher of peace to become a minister of vengeance, was among the all things he found it necessary to be to all men, in pursuance of his mission of love. The result shewed he had acted with consummate wisdom. He next day addressed them on the impropriety of their conduct, told them he was their true friend, and asked them what they wanted. They said: 'We want a governor.' Then there were cries of 'Will you be our governor?' One said: 'I'll brush your shoes;' another, 'I'll mend your clothes;' and so on. It so happened that just at this time one of the committee had proposed to Mr Benn that he should become governor; he consented to try it; was released from his engagement, though with great reluctance, by the City Mission; and before many weeks had passed, every element of misrule had been reduced to entire order. He is a man in the prime of life; and you at once remark in him that equal blending, so rarely found, of firmness and mildness. The boys are so devotedly attached to him, that they are miserable if he but frowns on them. He has literally done away with punishment. When a boy transgresses, he suspends all notice of him, and seldom does long time elapse before the culprit confesses and asks forgiveness. If the transgression be one demanding long and serious disapprobation, the offender has been known to beg for some punishment, rather than live longer without the light of the master's countenance.

Once it was found that a piece of lead had been attached to one of the scales for weighing the food. The governor assembled the boys, exposed the fraud, and in remonstrance told them kindly they lived as well as he, and that he worked harder than any of them. To this appeal, the general response was: 'You do, sir—you work too hard.' The name of the offender was at once revealed, which proved a sufficient punishment. He was a poor neglected boy, one of the worst in the Home, and had been several times in prison. He now became one of the best, was kindly noticed by Captain Pearce of the Sailors' Home, and is now a respectable seaman. At family-worship one evening, two of the boys began throwing small stones at the others; the governor paused, and looked round; on resuming, the noise being repeated, he rose and left the room without uttering a word. So confounded were the boys, that they remained on their knees for some time; and on rising, sent a deputation to inform against the offenders, who soon thereafter themselves went and confessed with tears what they had done. There has never been a single interruption since. I remarked to the governor the pleased, open, intelligent expression of almost all the boys, and the absence of

the low forehead and animal look one expects to find prevailing among that class. His reply was, that they often had the look at first; but that a few weeks after entering the Home, the whole expression, and even the form of the head, seemed to alter. I saw one very fine boy who had stolen a sovereign from his master to go to see his mother at Oxford. A friend interceded, and had him sent to the Home, instead of being committed; and if he continues to conduct himself well, a gentleman in Oxford, for the sake of his mother, an exemplary woman, is to give L.50 to apprentice him to some trade, when the year expires—the usual term of stay in the Home, although discretionary power is given to extend it. Another boy, after losing his parents, walked from Liverpool to London to seek employment. Finding none, and being wholly destitute, he stole a jacket, and was sent to the Westminster Prison. He had never received any education. Such are the offences for which boys of tender age are to be exposed to the contamination of a prison, and held as outcasts, unless we open wide our arms to rescue them, and stretch our purse-strings to feed, clothe, and shelter them. One young culprit, under ten years of age, a street-singer, had been seven times in prison. Since coming to the Home, he once ran away, but is now doing well. When they run away, it is always at first coming, and the average is under one in a month. It is almost ludicrous to record that, next to the irksomeness of confinement, the great cause of their running away is the dislike to oatmeal-porridge, which has been introduced as a morning-meal. One boy actually went without breakfast for six weeks from this cause. His mother offered to supply cocoa for him, but was told it was against the rules. When at the end of the time, he gave in, he got so much to like this Scotch species of hasty-pudding, as Dr Johnson called it, that he would have eaten double rations.

The industrial training consists of brushmaking, lithographic-printing, wood-chopping, paper-bag-making, tailoring, and shoemaking. The boys also work in the garden. About a year ago, the lease was purchased of an old mansion, known as Ford House, at Old Ford, near Bow, and this is now the Home—a pleasant, open, quiet spot. Towards this purchase, the committee themselves subscribed nearly half, and the whole sum was speedily made up by the prompt kindness of friends. In teaching, the governor employs every method calculated to produce habits of attention and discipline. Although many of the boys are making slow progress in learning to read, they answer questions from the Scriptures and on general subjects from oral teaching alone. He trains them in mental arithmetic; he forms words with his finger in the air, which they must find out; he utters a sentence, which is repeated round and round by the boys in single words, so that their attention is never allowed to flag. As I watched his expressive countenance, beaming with love to these otherwise outcasts, who had here found a home, and saw how they hung upon his looks and words, I could not help saying to myself: 'Here, at least, we have the right man in the right place.' He is evidently deeply religious in the best and highest sense of the word. He trains them assiduously in the most sacred of lores; and his whole teaching is of a nature to stand the most trying test—that of coming back upon the heart with double power, it may be after many lapses into error, and even after foul crimes.

There is, at present, a proposal that magistrates should have the power of sending young criminals to Reformatory Schools instead of to prison, which doubtless would save many a poor child from an indelible blot on his reputation: it would, however, entail on the master much harassing labour, arising from wayward runaways. An extended system of Ragged

School exertions, and town and city mission labours, would strike at the root of the evil. One efficiently conducted Ragged School effects more for real reformation than many Reformatories. We desire to see government liberally encouraging publicly approved private enterprise, not superseding it, and that steps may be taken to gather off the streets, and send to school, at the public expense, the crowds of boys who live by dishonest means. Many of the boys in the Home in the East are sent thither from the Wandsworth Prison. Two of them who were in the Home at an early period of its establishment, had been between them nearly forty times in prison—the eldest only fourteen years of age. The Rev. H. J. Hatch, one of the chaplains of the Wandsworth Prison, who are zealous in co-operating with the friends of the Home, has again and again said to the committee: 'In two or in four days [as the case may be], three or six boys are to leave the prison, and if you cannot take them in, what is to become of them?' It is for the public to answer such appeals. There are at present forty-eight boys in the Home, and fifty is the utmost its limited means can receive. Since the establishment of the Home, fifty-four boys have been sent to situations, and almost all of them are doing well. The visits of some of these to the Home, especially of one who has gone to sea, and has given every satisfaction to his captain, are observed to have a salutary influence on the boys. The committee themselves subscribe largely towards the funds, and it is deeply indebted to the excellent treasurer, Mr Joseph Crane, for his personal generosity and unwearied exertions. It is a real pleasure to be able to record, that no Home has here been found for sectarianism: churchman and dissenter strengthen each other's hands, and know no other rivalry than that of who will best fulfil the universal law of Love.

The Home in the East is the only establishment in or near London exclusively devoted to the reformation of juvenile criminals. There is a most admirably conducted school at Wandsworth, in Surrey, called the Boys' Home, supported entirely by one lady—Miss Portal, of Russell Square, London. Boys who have no home, and fatherless youths whose poor mothers cannot sustain the burden of their support, are there taken care of and instructed. They remain for several years, and learn tailoring, shoemaking, and gardening. It contains at present about seventy boys, and nowhere is there a more perfect system of management to be seen.

We have all our pet visions of Homes in the East, whether of sunny skies and marble halls, of fragrant flowers and fountains fresh, near to which all would sure be peace, and every vulgar ill and carking care forgotten; or of fame or riches, or of some responsive heart ready to meet every desire, to share in every scheme, and to lighten those inevitable loads of life which the most choice spirits must bear most alone. When you have found your Home in the East, you will then be fully attuned to offer help in providing one for others. Nothing you now do succeeds, or you have not enough of money for yourself, far less to spare for others; or you have tried many things, but your efforts are never appreciated. Very likely not; for it may be you are still seeking only your own gratification; it may be you are seeking honour from men. You know not yet the blessedness of giving; you know not yet that to find a home for others, is the way to find one for yourself. Go and visit the Home, or such a one as I have been describing, and see there what may be done, what has been done, for the young outcast; and I am sorry for you if you can come away from such a sight without being fired by the desire to go and do something likewise for so good and hopeful a cause. Let us no longer lounge on sofas, and talk of self-denial, because everything will not minister to self. If we cannot plant, we can water.

Those who have planted have generally been comparatively poor men, like this Edward Poultney, the pocketbook-maker. And when you say you are poor, are you sure you do not still have grand formal dinners, which have long been voted a bore equally by giver and taker, but which it is still everybody's theory but nobody's practice to give up? But if you really are poor, you can give work, or you can strengthen the hands of those who work, and encourage their hearts by your sympathy—or you can advocate the cause among the friends who are near you, and write of it to those at a distance—not exactly with the eloquence of a Burke or a Massillon, but with the eloquence of true feeling; for it has been said that there is no other secret in being graphic, than to have an open and a loving heart; and we can all give those earnest wishes and prayers for the increase, without which planting and watering were vain.

In walking along the streets of the great metropolis, and hearing the policeman say to the poor young vagrant or criminal 'Move on!' I have often wondered not to hear the answer, which was evidently in the heart, though, from awe of the man of brief authority and briefer words, it did not rise to the lips: 'I've got nowhere to go to'—or, like poor Jo, 'I've always been a moving and a moving on ever since I was born; where can I possible move to, sir, more nor I do move!' A great beginning, great beginnings have been made, and it scarcely seems too much to anticipate that this Home in the East will not only be followed by one in the west, the north, and the south, but that they will be so planted everywhere, whether in the way of Industrial School or Reformatory, that not only the badged and liveried keeper of the peace, but every humane person, by conducting every poor Jo through a few turnings and windings, will be able to say: 'There is a Home for you!'

A DAY IN A FRENCH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

WE are an English family settled in Paris, and we wanted to get out of it for a time, but not far. It was a charming variety for people tired of the glare, the artificial graces, the gaudy, noisy, ever-moving, ever-public life of Paris, this out-of-the-way country-house—Les Ormeaux. Although a few cottages were near us, the village lay in the valley below, our house on a height, surrounded with woods, green prairies, orchards, where the eye stole through all the near greenness into charming vistas of more distant rock, or dell, or forest.

The house is old—it was formerly a convent of the Bernardines—built for strength and warmth, as one sees by the thickness and clumsiness of the walls, the solid beams and double doors. It is all of stone. The long, low, white façade, with tiled roof, and three rows of windows, with their neat white *persiennes*, looking out to the south on a large walled court, like a garden, where are all the rude offices; on the north side is a wild green garden—full of limes, catalpas, acacias, laburnums, a wilderness of blossoming foliage, and a very kingdom of song-birds—sloping, by verdant terraces, down to an orchard-meadow or 'prairie,' which, again, sinks into the little valley, where lies, half seen, the village, with its tiny river; while the red wood-coloured rocks spring up, a sudden boundary, on the other side.

Inside, the house is large, straggling, and airy, full of doors and windows, and with numberless rooms. The *rez-de-chaussée*—consisting of a large hall, drawing-room, and dining-room—is very pleasant; the large drawing-room windows and glass-doors of the hall letting us

see at each end green gardens and waving trees. The *rez-de-chaussée* and the *premier*—which latter contains five bedrooms—were then occupied by the English family, of whom the writer was a member; the rest for a long while was uninhabited, and then only transiently by a few other lodgers, or by the *propriétaire* and his wife, who came down from Paris from time to time for a day or two to look after their affairs. In a corner of the grounds was the Orangerie—a queer inconvenient bit of the building, of which the upper story was let to a half-French family—husband and wife and a little girl. As for the society of this deeply secluded neighbourhood—there was a rich banker's fine house and grounds a mile and a half off, but the family were never there; there was a charming family of quiet people, half French, half Swiss, in the little village; there was the *curé*, whose brother was the village-tailor; and there was a world of peasantry, small farmers—almost all more or less landholders—masons, &c.: but of these, though highly amusing people, whose various histories are a source of constant interest, I am not now about to speak; for my day in the country-house includes only the little world within its domain.

The time I speak of was a hot bright summer, when, to the inexperienced English family, everything they saw and heard was like a page in a novel. The weather would have been intolerable in any place but one like this—situated on a height, with the air light, pure, and fresh, the soil dry, and the house kept cool by the thick stone-walls, where we can enjoy the sight of trees all round, and that dazzlingly blue sky; or stealing out to some shady nook, inhale the sweetness of the air from the orange-trees, and the roses that have burst out in full blaze, and stand in blushing crowds all round. But we want two things—the presence of some one or two dear English friends, and, in their absence, some choice in our present society. Every one has a right to his own taste, and that of our worthy *propriétaires* is not altogether ours; so that, though in general most quiet and undisturbed, we have now and then a little more *monde* than we desire. From Paris come our blessed *propriétaires*. We see them on their walk from the *cabaret* where the omnibus stops, coming resolutely up the orchard slope, followed by their maid, bag, and baggage; and very soon the premises are resounding with the thin screaming voice of the lady—which, at a distance, is almost like a child's treble—and the soft, oily, coaxing under-tones of the gentleman. Sometimes they are either followed or accompanied by friends or Paris *pensionnaires*—low English or free-and-easy French, who are always hail-fellow-well-met with our neighbours at the Orangerie; and forthwith the lawn is taken possession of, and the lovely garden filled with noise and laughter. The gentlemen strut about in straw-hats, white coats and trousers, and with cigars—very cool and comfortable, no doubt; but their way of whiling away the bright afternoon is by stripping the cherry-trees, and drinking brandy and water. The ladies, with a bad Parisian air, gay dresses, but very little youth or beauty, saunter about under their fine parasols, sometimes sing, or mangle in constant jabber their bold shrill voices with the gentlemen's coarse deep tones. At six o'clock, they repair to their dinners in the Orangerie, or on the *seconde*, with our *propriétaires*. After this, they all

return to the garden; and the various parties, jumbled together, sit on chairs under the trees half the night, till, to our great joy, we hear a tumultuous interchange of 'Bon soir, monsieur,' 'Au revoir, madame,' and six or seven loud English 'Good-nights,' and then they go their separate ways.

After this deluge of doubtful gentility, it is rather a relief to see an honest *blouse*, or a woman in *sabots* or handkerchief *coiffure*, go by—the gardener or workmen in their shirt-sleeves whistling innocently, Zélie the *jardinière*, or our own nice, clean, quiet *bonne* Argentine, in her pink cotton Sunday-gown, stopping to give us some confidential asides. I feel then in congenial society.

As for our *propriétaires*, M. and Madame L'Esperance, they claim to be gentry, and to have fallen from a better position, having had losses in the Revolution. It is amazing what use is made of that revolution by every one whose present appearance is not brilliant. His father was one of Napoleon's generals, and he himself has been in Algeria; he married a first-cousin for love—for a wonder—she being young and very pretty; but it has turned out, as it appears to me, much like any *mariage de convenance*. The gentleman is tricky, the lady jealous and passionate; and long ago love has been drowned or scalded to death in hot water. They have still a community of interests, over which they frequently quarrel. Madame is, I suspect, the sharper and more business-like, and looks to the smallest details with the keen close rigour of a true Frenchwoman. He is smooth and civil, speaks with a pleasing voice, were it not too carefully kept down to a soft coaxing under-tone, especially when addressing young ladies; his smile is always insinuating; he promises much, but, as he has always to refer to madame, who is by no means so well disposed to oblige, performs next to nothing. Madame is a queer little bundle, with a sort of shabby coquetry still hanging about her: she trips actively about, singing in a cracked voice, with much would-be childish vivacity; her face is generally pleasant and good-humoured, but we have reason to know that it can in a moment look quite otherwise; and in the sprightly infantine voice there is a sharp intonation which may easily rise to a most virago-like scream. We take care not to quarrel with her, but I suspect they have neither of them much affection for us.

But I have wandered far off from the summer-morning, which, in spite of these various drawbacks, opens cheerfully on Les Ormeaux. The quiet English, the only family there who observe country-hours, have just finished their eight-o'clock breakfast in the large, sunny, unfurnished dining-room, and sit in the low window-seat, enjoying this pleasantest hour of the day, when the busy little world of Les Ormeaux seems beginning its summer-day career. The sun is shining over the south garden or court; on the broad gravel-walk before the house, kittens and puppies are tumbling about in full play, lying in ambush behind the green box of the biggest orange-tree, or jumping up to the stone-bench where the sisters have taken their work to enjoy the *mignonette*-scented air and the brightness all around. Along one side of the court is the gardener's cottage—this official is gardener and *concierge* in one—close to the house, the first of that long row of low stone buildings, which ends with the *basse-cour*, the pond, and the *porte cochère*: the latter a great high wooden gate fixed in two thick stone-props, whose projections are hollowed out into dog-kennels, and studded with that mysterious assortment of bolts, beams, bars, and great clumsy locks French mechanism delights in.

There passes out to the kitchen-garden the meek little gardener's wife, with her small figure and quiet pensive face, who seems to concern herself with nothing but her duties, and to keep apart from the busy, tattling,

quarrelling world around. Or again, with a great straw-hat perched on the top of her wren-like little figure, she is on a ladder, gathering orange-flowers, for that odious traffic in orange flower-water which Madame L'Esperance delights in. There is the gardener, in shirt-sleeves and bare feet, who cries to the sitters in the window: 'Prenez garde de l'eau, mesdemoiselles! Je vais arroser les arbres!' and up goes one of two big pitchers, and down on a great orange-tree descends the splashing water. Very pretty did these seventy orange-trees look ranged round in their boxes, their bright leaves glittering in the sun and the dripping water.

One by one, or in twos, the various lodgers appear, and exchange good-humoured bows or bonjours with each other; but after that they arrange their occupations apart. Before them the *propriétaire* is on foot, in his usual undress, with his round moustached face, and features insignificant to nullity, and his characteristic walk that of a man with much to do, beset with cares and perplexities, yet trying to affect the *dégagé* air of a do-nothing gentleman. He holds conference with gardener or master-mason, whom he cannot pay, or curiously counts his wall-fruit, his peaches and grapes secured in great bags, to be sure that his various lodgers—to whom he is willing to sell them at something beyond the market-price—have not secured some at a cheaper rate. 'Julie! tu as touché mes pêches!' is a frequent discourteous affirmation. And truly such an accident is not impossible, as one feels on beholding that giddy young couple who bound into the garden, Jules and Julie—cousins, I believe, though it is difficult to ascertain relationships in this free-and-easy set—noisy, idle, and frolicsome all the day long, chattering their familiar French, and seeming as necessary to each other as one of those black round soft puppies, looking like lumps of glossy black velvet, is to his brother.

But Julie has a new excitement to-day: she carries in a cage a curious small animal, a *loir*—that is to say, a huge species of dormouse, more rat or even squirrel like than ours, with large ears, pink snout and paws. It lives in the trees, and devours fruit. Edgar Leonini has just caught it, and given it to Jules. Julie tells us about it in her French-English, and the boy stands by, too shy to speak English, but understanding it, evidently, by his comments on what we say. Presently, it is offered to us, declined, and finally set at liberty.

The little group of garden-chairs all round the orange-trees is gradually occupied by the various tenants. Here is a gentleman in straw-hat, light coat and trousers, smoking, silent, listless, with languid figure, pale, used-up face, and drawing voice; there a lady, who, though middle-aged, has more than the remains of the rich, almost splendid beauty of the south; while the two dark, thin, tall lads are heard calling to each other, Edgar and Hugo, through the garden, amidst their great employment of catching butterflies. They are very listless, not like vigorous, active English boys. Thus all remain till they disperse to their eleven o'clock *déjeuner*. Every one, even to the youngest of the boys, takes off his cap and bows respectfully as we pass; but our *sauvagerie* has prevented the intercourse from getting beyond this point, except occasional slight chats with one of the ladies, and a passing laugh with Julie.

Poor Julie! I cannot but feel interested in her. Who can tell what will be her grown-up fate! Neglected, wholly uneducated, surrounded by not the most favourable influences, she is still a child, and a very pretty one, with a fair, delicate, regular beauty; and still protected by childish ignorance, she goes unheeded about, her young face pale with the heat of these July days, like a delicate brier-rose that grows faint and fading ere half blown, her fast shooting-up slight figure of twelve years old still moving with

the lightness of childhood; her voice seldom heard among her full-grown associates; her mind probably intent on Ganime (the house-dog), the *chat jaune*, birds-nests, helping the jardinière to gather flowers and vegetables, or madame to prepare the dinner. Poor little Julie! past twelve years, and where will you be?

Leaving this now peopled court for the quieter and cooler north garden, as I pass I hear a sound of singing high in the air, and recognise our musical gardener's voice. I look up, and discern him perched in a cherry-tree, chanting loud in the innocent lightness of his spirits, and greeting me with a *débonnaire* 'Bonjour, mademoiselle.' He has for some days been possessed by a song, in which are these words:—

Dans les temps où l'amour
Fut constant, et la beauté
Valait la galanterie.

I should like to know *when* those days were in France; to ascertain this would require a very difficult historical investigation.

The gardener's good-humour, by the by, is like that of many of his nation—very fragile and insecure. We have already seen his wild eyes and eager manner blaze into fierceness—not exactly with us, but with our *bonne Argentine*, who certainly has a peculiar gift of being provoking to her equals, more especially when she suspects them of an intention to wrong us.

Presently, M. L'Esperance saunters down to his present grand business—a *construction*, or new building in the grounds on the north side, at the end of one of the terrace-walks, which is to contain a *salle-à-manger*, a kitchen, and two bedrooms. Why he is doing this, it would be difficult to say, seeing that he can scarcely let all he now has, and is too poor to pay his workmen; but I suppose the fever of building, or the dream of speculation, has seized him. The materials are furnished by the old crumbling stone-wall which ran along the upper side of the terrace—a strange, slovenly mode of building; and one can hardly fancy that a house made of those old stones so roughly put together will stand; but that is his affair. The first part of the process—clearing the ground for the new building—presented a lively scene. All the young population were at work, or rather at play, there—that is, doing *ouvrier's* business for pure amusement. The three boys, and even the young Julie, were busy digging and shovelling away spadefuls of earth into the wheelbarrow, which M. L'Esperance wheeled away, their willing work superseding for the time that of the hired masons. Soon, the wall rose, the flooring was begun, and some of the beams already fixed; and here, amidst this skeleton framework, M. L'Esperance, in a gorgeous dressing-gown, generally took his station. Passing underneath, we see his feet solemnly depending over our heads from amongst the beams; we look up, and behold his broad figure perched there in profound silence and immobility; and so it remains for half the day. One of the elder boys is generally there beside him, in the character of a profoundly interested amateur. The planks cover the pathway, and intercept our progress down by the stone-steps to the prairie; but the workmen are always polite; they shew us where to step, encouraging us with a 'Voilà, mademoiselle, un beau chemin—vous pouvez passer—vous sorterez bien.' One of the workmen is Hippolyte Charron, the young handsome mason, whose attentions during the late fêtes seemed so equally divided between our Argentine and the young, blooming, smiling *bonne* of our friends in the village. It is true, he takes advantage of this close neighbourhood to pay many a visit to our kitchen-window; but then it is also true, that in the absence of her employers, the pretty Louise spends much of her time with her friend Argentine, helping her to

cook and wash up. So it is still an open question which is preferred.

But the life of Les Ormeaux does not grow energetically under this increasing heat. It is one of those great burning days that march flamingly, relentlessly by, one after another, like a succession of eastern tyrants. Our usually restless neighbours are quiet—most of them shut up during the burning weather in the Orangerie like bottled wasps. How those builders can go on as they do, carrying long planks of newly sawn wood, making their hammers ring on falling pieces of stone, shouting to each other every minute: 'Leopold! Maurice! Hippolyte!' with their untiring labour, and that still more untiring clatter of talk, is something unfathomable. One of them, or rather the master-mason, who is a great man with a *jolie propriété*, enters our hall, where we are seeking a degree less heat, all splashed as he is with lime and mortar, and in his shirt-sleeves, and seats himself on a chair beside us, and converses with great affability, partly on his own affairs and his quarrels with his employer, and partly on a house he wants to sell. These are republican manners—this social equality is indeed the only trace of republican liberty left in France—and we don't mind it, for the people are always civil and respectful to us, as ladies, not as richer or grander people than themselves.

At length the cool evening draws on, and is spent variously by our various parties. For myself, on going down to the prairie to seek for my sister, I met M. and Madame L'Esperance sauntering arm in arm—after years of quarrelling, they occasionally enact the part of lovers—both in high good-humour, especially monsieur, who took me to task for being too grave for my years, asked me why I did not run like Mademoiselle Caroline, and especially, why I would not go and play with the *jeunes demoiselles* at the Orangerie, who, as they said, were very *gentilles*, who would be delighted to laugh and play with me, and whose agreeable society would give me all the spirits I wanted. I made some civil excuse, and observed of one of them—a young English girl—that I should not have thought her English, her air was so altogether French.

'Ah! that is what every one aims at,' replied M. L'Esperance; and then, supposing me to share in this universal passion, he added: 'You too, mademoiselle, might have a French air, if you would; but the way to acquire it is to have *abandon*—not to think of your dignity, but to associate with other young people; that is to be French. For me, I amuse myself always with young persons and children. I run, I laugh with them. People say: "Ah! see that gentleman—he is mad;" but I do not care.' All this was said, and joined in by madame, with such determined affability, and such bland facetiousness, that I replied as well as I could in the same vein; and though I could not promise any great amendment, we parted good friends.

Perhaps one cause of this apparent harmony in monsieur and madame is, that their respective mothers are this evening come down. Argentine—who knows everything about everybody—draws rather a 'spicy' picture of these two ladies. It seems, by a curious law of nature, that the mother of our imperious energetic landlady is a gentle, passive, old body, who has never done anything all her life—not even needle-work—and who yields to every one; while the mother of the meek, smooth-spoken husband is a most domineering dame, who sadly tyrannises over the poor mild old lady; her assumed superiority being founded on her greater wealth. It seems that, in her early days, she was very poor; that her husband, who had risen to a colonel's rank, was killed gallantly defending an untenable position, for which, after his death, he was made a general, and his widow is at ease on her pension. She has one son, who has married a millionaire's daughter—with whom this Mrs Danby of a mother-in-law is

for ever quarrelling, because she will not live in the drudging style to which *she* in the days of her youth and poverty was accustomed.

The grim old lady passed us this evening, and certainly she resembles nothing so much as an old terrier as she stamps by, short and puffy, her features stiffened and screwed up, and her voice at its softest a growl. However, she was gracious to my sister, to whom she seemed to take a fancy; and taking hold of her hair—long ringlets are an unspeakable mystery to the French mind—said in playful irony: 'Dites donc, ils sont très commodes, ces grandes boucles!'

The other old lady we also made acquaintance with: as we sat in our window watching in the dim garden the games of the young people, there waddled up to us 'the contrary of the terrier,' as my sister characterised the good-humoured one of the two Mesdames Mères, and sitting down on the stone-bench outside, entered into conversation with us. Apropos of some remark that I made on the young people, she lectured me, obviously with a purpose, on the propriety and advantage of being sociable in the country—how that young people ought to 'courir, jouer, faire des rondes danses'—how there ought to be no pride or exclusiveness, but perfect equality; how we ought not to consider whether our neighbours are richer or poorer than we, but join in their amusements, and be all cheerful together; how, when she was young, she sang and danced, laughed and enjoyed herself. And, indeed, when I looked at her face, with features still beautiful at eighty-five, I can well imagine her youth, even amidst poverty, to have been gay and bright enough to fulfil a Frenchwoman's notion of happiness. Why the good lady does us the honour to hint, in apparent reference to us, at the pride of wealth, I do not know—unless our reserve, the fact of our being English, and our having taken both the rez-de-chaussée and the premier have given us that reputation.

In spite of all these reasonable admonitions, we let a tumultuous game of *cache-cache* fill the dusky shady garden without our help. For the most part, the two pale, grave young girls, Eulalie and Julie, wandered about with the little Jules, finding their own amusement in a quiet way; perhaps seated with the good-natured homely old grandmother in the moonlight, on a bench near the house, or crouching together like young birds in some dusky corner; and there they remain, to roam the garden as long as they like, and go to bed as late as they please—wasting, in consequence, these beautiful summer-mornings in bed till eight o'clock.

We, for our part, steal through the garden to the solitary prairie, to watch the posthumous treasures of the sun. And then, as we stand on this meadow-slope, where there is always a cool fresh whisper of wind to revive us after the sultry heat, we see the lovely valley melting away through soft stages of grayness; and then turning to reascend, we behold at the top before us, niched in the arch of two tall trees, one pure golden star. But wait, and we shall see the moon slowly rise behind the trees that border the field to the east, till she mounts over their tops, and throws silver fret-work across the gray slope, and turns the wall on the other side to a glittering white; when the aqueduct, as if newly created of snowy marble, starts up phantom-like from its basement of trees. Look to the vale, where the poplars, the red rock, and the houses, make no longer a molten mass together, but slowly and softly detach their separate forms, and stand out in a new and delicate relief.

Once more, let us wind-up with a look into the court, now all stillness, embalmed by orange fragrance, with the bright moon looking through the great walnut-trees. We look at the house-front: there is our drawing-room lamp in the rez-de-chaussée; a light in my father's study on the premier; another in one of the

small rooms on the second, where Madame Leonini and her sons dwell; and Argentine's candle, in her high tower-room behind and above—these appear but as a few scattered sparks amidst a general sleepy dust.

And now, as Les Ormeaux seems to have fallen asleep, we will wish it a peaceful good-night.

EIGHT HOURS OF CEPO.

THE singular mixture of recklessness and endurance, of bravery and treachery, which characterises the population of the Mexican states, is what particularly attracts the attention of a stranger. An amusing instance came under my notice during my sojourn in that country, which may possibly prove interesting to those of tamer temperament. I was staying at a *hacienda*, or cattle-farm: a musket-shot distant from the main building, stood about thirty huts, huddled together without any regard to order: they were the dwellings of the *peones*, or paid day-labourers. There was, however, nothing squalid in the appearance of these cabins externally; it seemed that nature had amused herself by spreading a veil of luxuriant vegetation over the frail wattled walls, so completely were they concealed by the broad leaves and creeping branches of the golden-blossomed gourd vines. Each hut stood in the middle of an enclosure formed by a quick-hedge of the spiny cactus, over which grew a close net-work of many-coloured convolvuli. But the interior of the huts was far from corresponding with the smiling exterior; within, everything betrayed the frightful privations endured by the peon. Upon the portion of ground allotted to him, he can only cultivate for his own profit the quantity of pimento and tobacco supplied by the proprietor of the estate; and the time necessary for this labour, he is obliged to steal from his hours of repose. A pitiless monopoly compels him to buy his wheat, maize, and manufactured articles at the *hacienda*, at a price far beyond his scanty means. The free labourer on one of these farms consequently purchases all he needs on credit, while his employer remains a perpetual creditor. The *dia de raya* (pay-day) in these places is an unlucky day, instead of being, as elsewhere, a festival; for every week adds to the grievous burden laid upon the peones.

The condition of these paid labourers, it may be safely affirmed, is worse than that of slaves; philanthropy has not yet come to their relief with any of that compassion so often lavished on less real miseries. The black, even where yet a slave, is protected by the law, and it is his master's interest to keep him well fed. But the peon is left to the chances of disease and destitution; though nominally free, he endures an endless slavery, for his means of payment will always be smaller than the debts he is forced to contract. The influence of the old Spanish yoke, it is seen, yet weighs upon a portion of the Mexican population almost as heavily as in the days of the conquest: the republic has unhesitatingly continued the work of absolutism.

My walks were often directed towards the peones' cabins: the shop at which they purchased their provisions, clothing, tools, &c., stood in the middle of the little village. One morning, I stopped in front of this shop, to watch the various transactions that took place within it. Each peon produced a hollow reed from his pocket, about six inches in length, inside of which two small square pieces of paper were rolled up, one containing the debtor, the other the creditor account. These documents are of a primitive simplicity: a horizontal line drawn across the paper from one side to the other, is the basis of the account-current. This line is divided by others, traced perpendicularly, more or less prolonged—hence the etymology of the word *raya*, a line—ciphers and half-ciphers are used to designate dollars and half-dollars, reals and half-reals.

In the midst of the buyers, who retired only after a long debate over the prices, I remarked one individual more lean and miserable-looking than the others, who walked up and down hesitatingly, while regarding the merchandise with greedy looks. From the pertinacity with which he smoked cigarito after cigarito, it was easy to see that he was trying to pacify the gnawings of hunger. At last he seemed to have taken his determination, and approaching the counter, he asked for a *cuartillo* of maize. 'Shew your account,' answered the clerk. The peon drew the reed from his pocket, and produced his ledger; but while the horizontal credit-line was scantily marked with the hieroglyphics, the debit-line was altogether overdone with signs of every denomination. The clerk peremptorily refused to sell without a new order, and gave back the papers. From all appearances, the peon had foreseen this result, and had habituated himself to resignation; a painful disappointment, however, shewed itself in his worn features, as with trembling fingers he attempted to replace his accounts in the reed. I felt a movement of compassion, and paid the clerk for the modest supply for which the poor labourer had solicited. The peon testified his gratitude by immediately borrowing from me another real (sixpence), and begging me to accompany him to his cabin, to cure his wife, who had long suffered from illness. During the short walk, I learned that it was this illness which had thrown him into arrears, and made him lose credit when he had more need of it than ever.

The peon's hut displayed all the poverty and want that were to be expected. A few earthen-jars, with two or three bullocks' skulls for seats, composed the whole of the furniture. Two famished-looking children were playing about a woman, whose pallid and worn countenance denoted the last stage of a lingering malady. Reclining under a penthouse in the inner court, she was feebly swinging a little hammock, by means of a string made of fibres of the aloe, in which, as it hung from the posts that supported the shed, an infant lay asleep. It was a melancholy picture. I endeavoured to reassure the father, by advising him to substitute for the pimento and cactus fruit, on which the whole family fed, a diet better suited to the weak state of his wife's health; but I could not conceal from myself the fact, that in his case it was next to impracticable. The peon listened, however, and rubbed his hands, and exhibited signs of satisfaction which I could hardly regard as the effect of my exhortations. He answered to the questions I put respecting this sudden and singular joy, that the holy Virgin had just sent him an idea, and that abundance would not be long before visiting his dwelling. While speaking, he cast a look of affection upon an old rusty musket standing in one corner of his hut. It was in vain I interrogated him on the use to which he thought of putting it; he was unwilling to explain, and contented himself by repeating that it was a glorious, a triumphant idea. I left him without having been able to extract his secret, but feeling certain that the rust-eaten weapon would only be dangerous to him who fired it. Two days afterwards, I happened to meet the proprietor of the hacienda; he was blue with rage, soundly reprimanding a poor wretch, who, with a musket under his arm, and head bent down, was twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands. I recognised the peon.

'Ah! Señor Don Ramon,' I inquired of the chief, 'what ill news have you heard?'

'What have I heard?' he answered: 'it is that my people are in league with the panthers against my cattle. Another colt I have lost by the clumsiness of this fellow.' He went on with increasing vehemence: 'You know that for some time these cursed panthers have committed nightly ravages among my herds. Yesterday, that scoundrel there came to communicate

to me an idea which the Virgin, as he said, had sent him for my advantage.'

'I believed it,' interrupted the culprit humbly.

'The matter was,' pursued the don, 'to be on the watch for the panther at a place agreed on, and attract the animal by means of a colt to serve as a bait. He seemed so sure of the business, so certain of gaining the reward of ten dollars, that I was foolish enough to intrust him with a six months' colt. Now, villain, speak! What have you done with this unfortunate animal? How did it happen?'

'You see, señor maestro,' said the peon timidly, 'I was hid for two hours behind a thicket; the colt was tied about ten steps in front, kicking and struggling to get away to its dam; when all at once I saw two eyes shining in the darkness like lighted cigars. I took aim in that direction; recommended my soul to Heaven; turned away my head; and fired.'

'And instead of the panther you killed the colt,' cried the exasperated proprietor.

'Oh, señor maestro,' interrupted the labourer energetically, his self-esteem wounded, 'I only lamed it.'

'Killed or lamed, is it not the same thing? Begone, wretch! But stop: go and tell them to give you eight hours in the *cepo*.'

'It was a happy idea for all that,' rejoined the poor peon mournfully, as the abundance vanished of which he had dreamed for his family; and went out with his head sunk down upon his breast, and an air of resignation, while tears stole slowly down his hollow cheeks. It was with empty hands he would have to return to his cabin: eight hours in the stocks was what he had gained by exposing his life, saved only by a miraculous chance. I was acquainted with his profound misery; had shared his hopes, although not admitted to confidence as to his project; and felt rather dispirited at so melancholy a result.

A short time afterwards, I found myself walking instinctively towards the place where I had seen the *cepos* and other instruments of punishment used at the hacienda. The *cepo* is constructed in the same manner as the stocks formerly used for the exposure of culprits in England. The legs of the individual are, however, raised to a higher elevation, so as to compel him to rest on the nape of his neck—a position which, after a few hours, becomes insupportable. Half-a-dozen of these *cepos* were erected in a small yard, overtopped by a *picota*, or pillory, only used on special occasions.

Touched by the peon's misadventure, I had resolved on carrying him some assistance, but I had been anticipated by a means through which the poor labourer's necessities were more generously supplied. A man was stretched in one of the *cepos*, entirely exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, supporting himself, sometimes on his elbows, at others, making a screen with his hands against the glare which nearly blinded him. It was with extreme surprise that, instead of the peon, I recognised Martingale, one of the herdsmen employed on the estate.

'By what extraordinary adventure,' I inquired, 'do you find yourself in this uncomfortable position?'

'Alas! señor cavalier,' he answered, 'it is because of my good heart and evil star, and also because of my friend, the new steward's protection. But since chance has made you a witness of my misfortune, my honour requires that you should be acquainted with its motive.'

I listened while he went on with his justification. 'The motive,' he said, 'is most honourable. When I understood that one of my comrades had to undergo eight hours of *cepo*, I thought he would not be sorry to divert himself a little, and came here with a few dollars and a pack of cards. Unfortunately, my partner possessed no other disposable capital than his eight hours of punishment. I knew him to be generally

pretty safe, and offered to stake two reals against his promise to pay. He accepted; but I had such ill-luck, that notwithstanding the infallible trick which I know so well how to practise, I lost the two reals and every coin I had left in succession. My companion then proposed his eight hours of cepo as a stake, to give me a chance; but I recovered none of my money, and won the seven hours that yet remained of the infliction, for our play had consumed one hour. It was, however, necessary to ask the steward's consent to the change; my honour laid it on me as a duty to solicit this favour—the rather!—

'The rather,' I interrupted, 'because you hoped he would refuse.'

'He refuse!' exclaimed Martingale indignantly. 'On the contrary, the steward granted my request with a courteous alacrity for which I am really grateful; but he shall pay me for it yet.'

I calmed the herdsman's irritation, by making him a present of the dollar which I had destined for the peon: he assured me that it should be reserved for some extraordinary opportunity. The occasion presented itself shortly afterwards, and the voluntary sufferer won an Indian slave.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN inquiry is begun, which may be followed by important consequences, not only to the pockets but to the health of the public—we mean the Inquiry by a Parliamentary Committee into the practice of adulterating articles of food, beverages, drugs, and the like; a practice which has of late years prospered to such a degree, that it has come to be regarded as 'all fair in business.' Exposures of the frauds have from time to time been made, and warnings issued against the use of sophisticated commodities, but never with such authority as at present. The *Lancet*, as we informed our readers, did much good a few months ago—published the names of dishonest traders, put purchasers on their guard, and thereby prepared the way for remedial measures. Whatever may be the measures recommended by the committee now sitting—and we hope they will not separate without devising some means of putting down so monstrous an evil—we venture to suggest that punishment, severe and uncompromising, should be resorted to. Those who sell, whether by wholesale or retail, should be made to feel that they cannot traffic in deleterious compounds with impunity; that if they will not be honest as a matter of conscience, they shall as a matter of policy. The name of Englishman once stood high above all others for fair-dealing; that was in the days when wares were genuine and profits legitimate—but now! Tennyson has some energetic lines on the disgraceful system in his new poem *Maud*: he says:—

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled
wife;

While chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the poor
for bread,

And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

We have now an inquiry with authority. Let it end in authoritative restraints.

There is, however, something to be said on the other side of the question. It is, that the public are themselves to blame for much of the evil, by reason of their insatiable desire for cheapness. So that a thing cost but little money, there are thousands who take no heed of quality. Let quality become the test of cheapness, and let the purchaser remember that that which costs least is not the cheapest, and the work of legislation will be half accomplished.

That ever-flowing cause of controversy and condemnation—the Thames, has again come under notice. Professor Faraday has had something to say about it, and yet it appears we must wait six years before the polluted stream can be purified—before we can hope to see anything but a brown river flowing through London. Meantime, a sensible improvement has been made in the quality of the water supplied to the inhabitants, but not to the extent that could be wished. Dr Dundas Thomson, in a paper read before the Chemical Society, says that the Southwark and Vauxhall water is twice as impure in August as it is in March; and that 'in all the waters collected during the course of the inquiry, abundance of animal and vegetable life was detected in mechanical suspension.... Even during the severest frost, remarkable examples were noticed of the persistence of vitality among some of the larger animal forms.... The fibrine of the fæces has also constantly been obtained from service-pipes of the Southwark Company.' Pure water is therefore as much a desideratum as pure bread and groceries.

Our government have been often reproached with the little regard they pay to the claims of science; they could always find money for any purpose except that which most contributes to national greatness. We are of those who believe that science is the more vigorous, as assuredly it is the more independent, for not being patted on the back by those in power. To be encouraged, is often as fatal to research as to an individual. It is, however, always possible to recognise a claim with more or less of sympathy. A few years ago, we informed our readers that the government had placed L.1000 at the disposal of the Royal Society, for the promotion of science. The grant was voluntary, never having been asked for, although the contrary has been stated; and the Society were merely the stewards of the fund, not its recipients. During five years, they have, by grants of various amounts to different individuals, done real service to the cause of science; valuable astronomical observations have been printed, which otherwise would have remained in manuscript; and investigations have been made into highly important branches of science, by earnest and laborious men, who, but for the pecuniary aid thus afforded, would have been unable to pursue their inquiries. It is, therefore, with the more regret we now state, that the grant has been stopped by the government, on the ground that the exigencies of war are too great to allow any longer of the apportionment of L.1000 to the advancement of science. The session is over—parliament is taking its holiday—and so the matter ends.

We must not forget to mention that L.5000 has been voted to Captain McClure for his discovery of the Northwest Passage, and L.5000 to the officers and crew of his ship. Franklin is to have a monument to his memory in Greenwich Hospital; and the names of Sir Edward Parry, who died a few weeks since, and of other arctic explorers, are to be engraven thereon.

The second annual Report of the Department of Science and Art has been published, and we gather from it that the large sums granted to the establishment have not been altogether spent in vain. During the past year, 294 schools have availed themselves 'of examples and illustrations as means of study;' 540 schoolmasters and 80 pupil-teachers received instruction in drawing, and 10,500 children have been taught on art principles. 'In order to give still further encouragement to progress in the schools, it has been determined to give annually a small prize, consisting of a pair of compasses, pen, and pencil, among every 25 scholars taught drawing by a master of a School of Art.' The schools of Science and Navigation are making satisfactory progress: 111 plans and sections have been added to the mining records; and 'the statistics of the produce of iron ore, and of the

manufacture of iron in Scotland for the year 1853 were obtained, and arrangements were made for obtaining correct returns for the year 1854.' Then with respect to the Oceanic Meteorological Survey, we read that 'agents have been appointed at several outposts for the purpose of lending instruments to sea-going ships promising to comply with the conditions prescribed for rendering their observations valuable;' that 'during the past year, instruments have been furnished to fifty merchant-ships and thirty men-of-war;' and that 'Captain Fitz Roy has nearly completed the preparation of a set of charts, illustrating the prevailing winds of the Atlantic Oceans.' And last, with respect to the Geological Survey, we are informed that 'the whole area surveyed during the last year was 2800 square miles. . . . Five sheets, comprising about 150 miles of sections, have been issued; many additions to the maps already published have been made; and several new sheets are in course of publication. . . . Towards the close of the year, the Geological Survey was for the first time extended to Scotland, and a considerable area in Haddingtonshire is far advanced.' The same useful work has also been carried forward in Ireland; and an important experiment has been made by which marine resources are to be indicated. Mr Huxley, one of our most eminent naturalists, was employed to survey Tenby Bay, and 'he has mapped upon the chart the results of his preliminary inquiries. . . . The localities of the oyster-beds, mussel-beds, seining, trawling, and cod grounds, are marked out, with the view of obtaining an accurate determination of the fishing-grounds, so as to prevent the reckless and exhausting method of working now prevalent in many districts. The scientific as well as the economical results obtained, were sufficiently decisive to justify the views under which the experiment had been undertaken, and to induce the director of the survey to recommend that similar coast-surveys should be continued in connection with the Geological Survey.'

The Russian system of telegraphs has been so improved by Siemens, of Berlin, that dispatches can be flashed from a distance, and printed in the ordinary typographical character, instead of dots and dashes. He has also proved, what was for a long time doubted, that signals can be sent from opposite ends of a wire at the same time without interference; so that a second signal may be forwarded while the receiver of the first is acknowledging its reception. The essential condition appears to be, that the two opposing currents shall be absolutely equal; and this is measured and determined by a newly invented instrument called an *agometer*. The same fact of double transmission has been for some time known to experimentalists in this country.

Langberg, of Christiania, investigating the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, sees reason to conclude that the greatest magnetic induction, as demonstrated by the records of observatories in all parts of the world, takes place sixteen days after the two solstices—in the northern hemisphere at one period, in the southern at the other. He shews that at those two periods, the poles of the earth are so placed as to become subject to the greatest amount of influence from the sun. These facts assort well with what is known respecting another phenomenon—namely, that the aurora has a marked maximum at the equinoxes, and as strongly marked a minimum at the solstices. So far as is yet ascertained, the phenomena are dependent on the position of the poles and axis of the earth relatively to each other; and slowly we are beginning to be able to trace something like cause and effect in the mysterious phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. Touching this question, the astronomer-royal says in his annual report, which we noticed last month, that 'whenever any extended view of the cosmic causes, or laws of magnetism and meteorology,

shall render an accurate discussion of observations practicable and useful, the magnetical and meteorological observations made at Greenwich will be found to present such materials for the discussion as can scarcely be obtained from any other observatory.'

A little new light has been thrown on an interesting question of chemistry by M. Deville, the producer of aluminum. Silicon, as is pretty well known, is supposed to be condensed carbon. M. Deville points out the relation between the two; and taking chloride and fluoride of silicon, and treating them at different temperatures, he gets carbon in three distinct forms—as ordinary coal, as graphite, and, third, as a crystalline substance, hard enough to cut glass. Of the latter, he exhibited a large crystal to the Académie. Should these experiments bear the test of further trial and repetition, we shall have as a fact what has, from time to time, passed through the world of science as a rumour, causing no little excitement. Under present circumstances, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the Académie; for, by a decree of the emperor, the philosophic corporation are to submit to certain changes; government is to have a voice in their decisions, and take them under its paternal care.

Attention is again directed to carbonic acid baths, as a beneficial remedy for muscular contractions, debility, and weak eyes: the curative effects in some instances are remarkable. M. Herpin reports that at Marienbad he placed his stiff leg in a bath of the gas, and, after the first few minutes, experienced a glow and tingling, next a copious perspiration, and in time the joint became supple. M. Baudens, of Marseille, protests against amputation for frost-bite. If left to itself, he argues that nature will separate the living from the dead portions, neither too little nor too much. Of 3000 frost-bitten soldiers landed at that port, 300 were cured by being left to nature, and are now much less dismembered and lame than those who underwent amputation. Professor Bierordt, of Frankfort, has invented a machine to record the beating of the pulse. The arm is placed in a kind of cradle, which keeps it steady; a lever rests by one end on the artery, and at every beat a pencil, on the opposite end, marks a cylinder of paper. If the pulse be regular, a regular zigzag line is produced; if irregular, the line is full of breaks and jerks. M. Pierre offers a few observations on the forage and aliment of cattle. He finds four times as much azote in the upper parts of plants as in the lower, the quantity diminishing downwards to the roots; and that after-maths are richer in azote than first crops—results confirmed by the experiments of Boussingault.

Among matters communicated to the Académie, is the description of a machine for making water boil without fire: friction is the means employed instead of fuel. The Société d'Agriculture are publishing a few simple facts about oats, with a view to bring this grain into use throughout France generally, as an article of diet. They give information as to the way in which porridge should be made, and draw attention to the fact, that in Brittany the peasants make a palatable pottage of oatmeal and vegetables mixed. It is shewn that the crops of oats may be doubled, and that horses may be fed very much more economically than at present. The grape disease has led to experiments being tried with other fruits; and in Sicily, the Indian fig is found to make excellent wine. It will surprise many readers to hear that, owing to the scarcity of material for making brandy, the French have for months past imported whiskey and gin from England, in enormous quantities, for conversion into brandy. What will the lovers of genuine Cognac say to this? The demand is so great and pressing, that the ordinary means of shipment proving insufficient, casks of the above-proof spirits have been sent by rail to Folkestone for transport across the Channel. One more

added to the list of mystifications for John Bull and his valorous allies.

The Eastern Archipelago Company are building a fleet of screw-steamers, each 1000 tons burden, hoping to find ample trade in the region from which they take their name. The sultan of Borneo has made them a grant of 150 miles of territory on the main and on Labuan, where coal-mines are to be worked. Among islands so amazingly productive, the results can hardly fail to be satisfactory. At Columbus, Ohio, an ingenious individual has discovered a way of lining the axle-boxes of railway-carriages with glass, the operation being accomplished while both are in a state of fusion; and, as is said, with the advantage of increased durability and diminished friction. Should such prove to be the case, after sufficient trial, we may accept the discovery as a real improvement. In another quarter, a stone-planing machine has been contrived, which, with a rotating cutter fixed on a revolving arm, puts a smooth face on a slab of eight feet superficies in seven minutes. And in Philadelphia, cast iron has been laid down as pavement for the side-walks of the streets. The plates are 12 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch thick. Where they cover a cellar, they are warmed from beneath in winter, to melt the snow and keep them dry. So far the metal is considered to be preferable to stone. We think it likely that the company just formed for the utilisation of the waste slag of our ironworks, will find their slabs of slag better suited for paving purposes than either iron or stone.

PUBLIC HONOURS TO LITERATURE.

It does not follow that because a great writer is honoured by the public, he has no claim to be honoured by the Crown. It little matters whether this or that author is entitled to write a certain number of letters before or after his name, or to wear a bit of gold or silver, or a scrap of ribbon on his breast. The author himself would care little, perhaps, for the mere personal vanity of the thing. What he desires is meet honour to literature; and literature can only be honoured through its professors. But how scanty a number of its professors have ever been so honoured—a scanty number at all times, and in every reign decreasingly scanty! Who ever hears, in these days, of a writer receiving public honours *solely because he is a public writer*? Some accident unconnected with literature may help him to distinction; but it is conferred on the accident, not on himself. And yet if there be any calling in the world to which the rendering of personal honour is peculiarly appropriate, it is that of literature; for literary success is especially a man's own, the growth of his personal gifts and personal exertions alone, promoted by no accident, shaped by no agents, aided by no auxiliaries. The triumphs of the author are exclusively his own. He has no courageous battalions to win victory for him in spite of himself.—*North British Review*.

MAID-SERVANTS FOR AUSTRALIA.

As to the two maid-servants who, you say, wish to come out, I am not the person to advise them to it. They have lived in comfortable places at home; and, after the comforts of a good English home, and the pleasant and vigorous climate of England, the change to a colony would strike them dumb. At all events, let them reflect well on the unpaved streets, and the dust blowing every few days in Melbourne, till you cannot see your own hand; on the heat, the flies, the mud, and slush the moment there is rain, before they quit the smooth pavements and the comforts that abound in England. Let them reflect well, too, on the rude, chaotic, and blackguard state of the lower society in this suddenly-thrown-together colony. It would strike them with astonishment. As to girls marrying here—the great temptation—that is soon accomplished; for I hear that lots of diggers get married almost every time they go down to Melbourne to spend their gold. A lot of the vilest scoundrels are assembled here from all the four winds of heaven. Nobody knows them; much less whether they

have left wives behind them in their own countries; and they marry, and go off, and are never heard of again.—*Howitt's Land, Labour, and Gold*.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

You may gaze upon an object
Till its likeness you retain,
And through distance, and through darkness,
You behold that form again:
So I pondered on thy goodness
Till there grew about my heart
Many never-dying feelings
Which make up its better part.

You may listen to a measure,
Till its sentiment and tone
Find a bidding-place within you,
And the song becomes your own:
So I treasured up thy sayings,
And now, in my own, I find
The echoes of thy accents,
The reflections of thy mind!

There are perfumes we remember
When their sources are no more;
There are flavours that will linger
When the banquetting is o'er:
So, the charms thy presence yielded
Have outlived thy honeyed breath,
And my soul, that feasted freely,
Will partake of them till death!

PUTNEY.

G. M.

THE HOOP.

The hoop, like any other habiliment, was only ugly inasmuch as it interfered with the mind's idea of the body's shape. It was ugly, when it made the hips appear dislocated, the body swollen, the gait unnatural; in other words, as long as it suggested the idea of some actual deformity, and might have been considered as made to suit it. But when it was large, and the swell of it hung at a proper distance from the person, it became, not a habiliment, but an enclosure. The person stood aloof from it, and was imagined to do so. The lady, like a goddess, was half concealed in a hemisphere—out of which the rest of her person rose, like Venus out of the billows. When she moved, and the hoop was of proper length as well as breadth, she did not walk—her steps were not visible—she was borne along—she was wafted—came gliding. So issued the Wortley Montagus, the Coventries, and the Harveys, out of their sedans; and came radiant with admirations of beholders through avenues of them at palace-doors. Thus poor Marie-Antoinette came, during the height of her bloom and ascendancy, through arrays, on either side, of guards and adorers; and swept along with her the eyes and the reformations of Mr Burke.—*Leigh Hunt's Old Court Suburb*.

ADVERTISING.

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* (193), just published, contains an interesting article on 'Advertisements,' tracing their history from the first book advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, in 1652, to the great broad sheet of the *Times*, in May 1855. The writer asserts that the following amounts are *annually* spent in advertising:—By Holloway for his pills, L.30,000; by Moses and Son, L.10,000; by Rowland and Son (Macassar oil, &c.), L.10,000; by Dr De Jongh (cod-liver oil), L.10,000; Heal and Sons (bedsteads and bedding), L.6000; Nicoll (tailors), L.4500. In the days of the railway mania the proprietors of the *Times* received as much as L.6687 in one week for advertisements! Their average advertising receipts per week appear to be a little above L.3000.—*Publishers' Circular*.

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